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THE · ROUND · CLOCK

THE ROUND CLOCK

BY

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DRAWINGS BY CATHERINE RICHARDSON



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TWENTY-SIX PIECES
DRESSED FOR MY NIECES
NEPHEWS AND SONS
ALL OTHER ONES
WHO READ THIS BOOK
OR EVEN LOOK
INSIDE ITS CASE
MUST TRY TO READ
MY ROUND CLOCK'S FACE

THE HOURS

Twelve little merry, whirligig foot-pages.

CHARLES LAMB

THE ROUND CLOCK

ONE O'CLOCK

One o'Clock

Is young and bold,

Bringing deep sleep

And frost and cold.

He holds the reins of night,

He tells her when to pass

Beyond our sight.

THE HOURS

TWO O'CLOCK

Two o'Clock's
A merry fellow
Whistling up the road,
Wearing green and yellow
Like the frog and toad.
He is wed to folly
Out there in the cold
And he's fat and jolly
Fun to scold.



THREE O'CLOCK

Three o'Clock's

A lady

*Coming from a ball,
White she is and stately
In the hall!*

THE HOURS

SIX O'CLOCK

Six o'Clock

Is heaven

On a summer morn,

Tell it to the lady,

Brave her scorn;

White she was and stately

In the hall

I have loved her lately,

All the fall.

THE ROUND CLOCK

TWELVE O'CLOCK

*The world turns;
She breathes in peace,
For this next Hour she desires
All activity shall cease,
The coal is on the fire:
Millions of workers pause
And now they use
One precious hour for the body's wants
Their papers to peruse
And blessed food,
One has a chance to make a friend
And finds that it's relief to talk again,
Another sits and waits until
The Hour ends.*

FOUR O'CLOCK

*A carter sleeps,
At his feet
Lies a child.
His van is on the heath,
The night is wild,
Twin lambs awake and bleat—
The road is steep
In Ireland!*



THE ROUND CLOCK

FIVE O'CLOCK

Five o'Clock
Is full of things:
There's fire and tea
For you and me.
In summer it is sad,
The wood thrush sings at five o'Clock,
A cow-bell rings beside the rock,
The boys strayed off to play,
I am alone to-day.

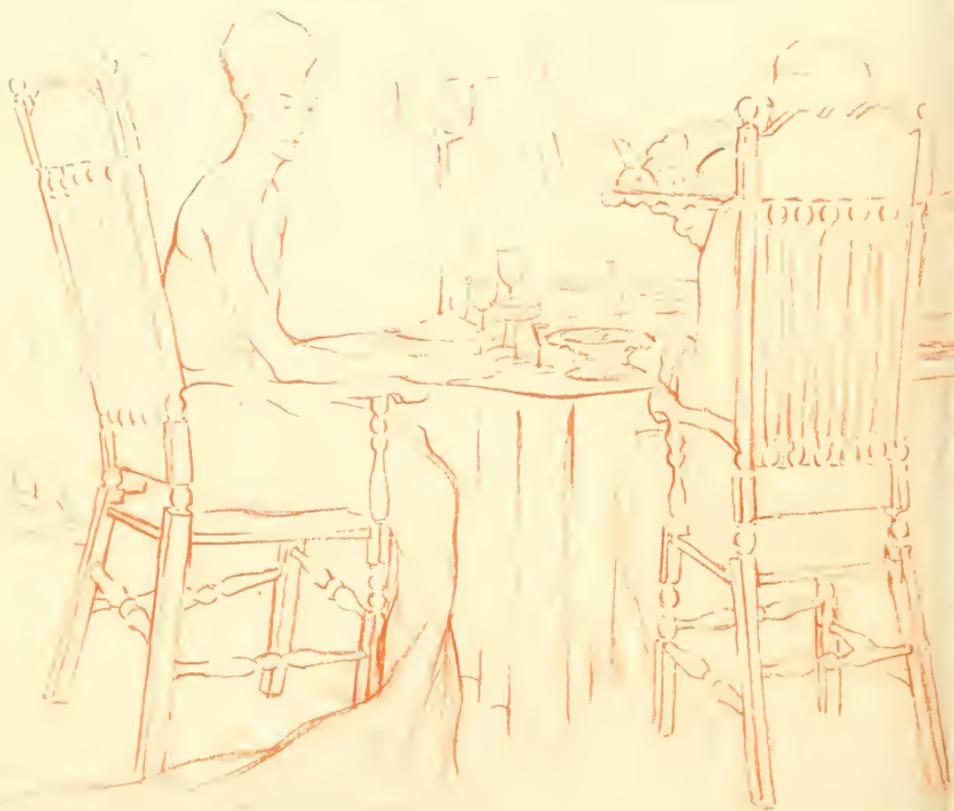
THE HOURS

SEVEN O'CLOCK

*The children pray;
I think it is June's longest day—
The lazy Clock has stopped,
I smell the scent of new-mown hay.
Syringa perfumes drop
And thunder mutters far away—
One child feels hot
He whispers: "Lightning, will you stay?
Please watch beside my cot."*

EIGHT O'CLOCK

*Heliotrope, camellias, gorgeous plates,
Damask table linen, tedious waits
Stiff white shirts and collars, is that cheer?
Oh, those endless dinners!
Feasts of yester-year.*



THE HOURS

NINE O'CLOCK

"The moon is round—

Two eyes,

A nose,

And a mouth."

He whispers nonsense,

They are silent

And the wind is south.

"Dear is it late?"

Eyes seek his face

But he is gazing into space.

She says: "I fear the turn of fate,

When winds are south

Rain follows drought."

She shudders, a great hound

Disturbs the moonlit place.

"Darling, all we can know

THE ROUND CLOCK

Until we lie beneath the ground

Is that we love, and that

The moon is round—

Two eyes,

A nose,

And a mouth.”

THE HOURS

TEN O'CLOCK

*Always at Mother's, when
The Clock struck Ten
She'd chase the boys away,
Sometimes good-byes were gay.
Once Charlie ran
And banged the door—
My grandmother was ill;
Our best dish fell,
Broke on the floor.
Nobody spoke, I went upstairs,
I could not sleep
Or say my prayers,
Not even weep.
The moon was like a yellow shell
Shining across my bed.
I knew so well*

THE ROUND CLOCK

*I 'd slowly waste away like that
And grow too old to wear a hat
White caps instead.*

THE HOURS

ELEVEN O'CLOCK

Bumping home from the play

Along the roadway.

Fine feathers make fine birds!

Somehow they are not gay,

Margaret stirred —

“I cannot bear this endless way

We have to go after the play —

It is too far;

I hate this stupid car —

We ought to live in town

Like Pa,

I'd be tucked up in bed,

Or else instead

Go out to dance with Brown —

We might be gay!

Not cold and ghum after the play

THE ROUND CLOCK

Now won't you live in town?

Don't frown,

I saw you in the light

I'll make a fight

To go back home to town."

OTHER POEMS

ASH WEDNESDAY

*Mortification is vexation
And Fasting is as bad,
The Moveables do puzzle me,
Shrove Tuesday is quite mad.*

THE ROUND CLOCK

THE SCHOOL FOR DAYS

*Septuagesima keeps a school
And tries to teach the days,
The two who will not learn by rule
Are Valentine and May.
The greatest joker's April Fool,
A tease he is and gay;
They never know where they're to sit
Or when to work and play.*

OTHER POEMS

BIRTHDAY

*I see a stretch of long white sand,
It is a warm spring day,
Children are romping hand in hand—
We watch them play.
A small girl tires of the game
And breaks away—
She asks a boy: "What is your name
And when is your birthday?"*

THE ROUND CLOCK

DOOMSDAY

*Doomsday is coming,
Croaks old Sue,
Because men die of "flu"
Like rats. I wonder . . .
He'll laugh to see us run
And fetch us every one
That's not snowed under.*

OTHER POEMS

ALL SAINTS' DAY

*All Saints' Day is loved by all,
It ends the early Fall.
Our apple trees are picked quite clean;
Their branches look so tall—
My eldest boy is ten years old,
I wish he were still small.*

THE ROUND CLOCK

THE VIGILS

*Across the sea, yet not too high
To hear the breaking of her waves
Beneath the glowing morning sky
Stand all those men and girls
Who chose for France to die.
They could not take their youth along
Of it is made one soul to guard that land
Promising freedom, food and loving hands
To greet the worker staring at the opening day
Which comes to shed God's blessing over all, they
say.*

VALENTINE'S DAY

*Here comes old Bishop Valentine,
For centuries he's had good rhymes
With which I can't compete:
I'll blow my verses through the air
Towards his spirit hovering there
And lay them at his feet.*



THE ROUND CLOCK

LORD ROBERTS

(For Children)

*Children, remember well
That grand old man, he fell
Back of the whining shells.
They called him "Bobs,"
Frail as he was when the war came,
All Europe aflame,
He worked on England's job.
Giving his best to all his men
Loving them always, not just now and then.
Honour to him who nobly ran his race
See his brave face
Challenging death
With his last breath
Making his country safe.*

OTHER POEMS

A MINE MANAGER'S BREAKFAST

*How the boy ran:
Yet thinking some,
He feels that this has come
His manhood to arouse,
He knows he must be brave
Or else he never can
His father save.
Thank God he's at the house!
He kicks the stubborn gate
That tries to make him late.
His father's eating there
Tom grabs his chair
And gasps, then shouts:
"Father I 've seen that
Bad Jim Clare
He boasted he would get you out*

THE ROUND CLOCK

And shoot. Beware!"

"There, there, there . . ."

His father smiled and spoke

First reaching up to take his coat;

His pistol was right there

Beside the chair

But he preferred to wear

His coat. "My son,

You will not come

To watch the fun.

Remember she's upstairs, soon

Another little one will come

And sleep and wake and croon

Within this house.

You are the master here until I come;

You would be nothing better than a skunk

If you that job should funk

But I will come to you again

OTHER POEMS

*Unless my race is run
And finished quite;
If that is so, why then
You'll just sit tight
Until it is your turn to go.
And tell your Ma she's not to mind
If I don't come back from the fun
I know she'll feel as tho'
She had been left behind.
Good-by my son."*

THE ROUND CLOCK

WHITE CLOVER

(A Fragment)

*Through the door into the hall
Burst the fairest sight of all
Filling the room with fragrant smell—
It was a bowl of clover
With its tiny bells.
Picked in green fields far away
Near the sea,
Where Aunt lives by Gloucester Bay
Carried all the way
From Newbury.
White and fairy-like its bloom
Next to the curving stair
Catching the fading light within the room,
Lost in the dusk
Of the gloomy square.*

OTHER POEMS

CAPE COD

*Here stands a wood of white oak trees
Fronting the sea
Stripped of their splendid glossy leaves
Bereft of greenery.
Yet it's July, the sun has made
Whiter the sands, darker the glade,
Quickening field and tree:
Only these trunks of white
End in an opal light
Of palest rose and lilac grey;
Colours of May
Like the rare birth of Spring—
Alas! she died. To-day
The Gypsy Moth is King.*

THE ROUND CLOCK

THE GOLDEN AGE

*Child, may you ever strive to hold
That wondrous gift, the age of gold
Herein described,—soon childhood's past!
The glitter of its years shall last
For those so bold and true
Who seek that distant, clearer blue
Lying beyond the dirty grey
Around us all each sordid day.*



OTHER POEMS

EAST OF PETERBOROUGH

NOTE: "Peterboro" means Peterboro, England, in the days of Mary and Elizabeth, "Peterborough" means Peterborough, New Hampshire. Time, the Present.

*Oh, that I were at home
With fingers free to roam
Along the shelves, I'd find a book
Small, bound in green, and look
Two of the poems up again.
The years are fled since then,
Oh, vivid day!
I read till it got dark, when
Silent the white snow lay
Reflected in the mirrors, all
Three set into the northern wall
To brighten twilight's gloom
And lift the pall
Of grey December night*

THE ROUND CLOCK

*The dusk that steals into the room
Before the light.*

*I read about a village maid
Who put on cap and bells
And danced through sun and shade
From Bath to Wells.*

*Who does not long to follow?
Another song had a refrain*

(Mary was buried in the rain)

“Carry her down to Peterboro.”

*Ma'am it is twenty miles away,
You'll miss the pageant there to-day
Right in the streets of Peterborough.
Yes Nurse, it's late and we must go,
Here I sit dreaming of the snow,*

“Carry her down to Peterboro.”

OTHER POEMS

*Where are the jingling bells of May?
Burials, Queens, I miss to-day,
"Carry her down to Peterboro."*

THE ROUND CLOCK

NEW YEAR'S EVE WITH CLOCKS

*The Clock ticks on and on, but then
A friendly hand has wound her up*

And he will come again

Raising the key, her cup.

She hopes that she can go

Until he come, however slow

And so keep true to Time, her master.

Naught can he wind for thee,

Ticking along without a key

Faster and faster

Towards eternity.

Nor clock nor man her slave can see

Clearly enough to find the key

Held by the Master.

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